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# VISIT TO SEBASTOPOL

A WEEK AFTER ITS FALL.

BY AN OFFICER  
OF THE ANGLO-TURKISH CONTINGENT.

LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 25, CORNHILL.  
1860.



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LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER AND CO, 65, CORNHILL.

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1856.

203. d. 312.



DEDICATED

*To the Friends*

OF THOSE

IN THE ALLIED ARMIES,

WHO HAVE SUFFERED AND DIED

FOR THEIR COUNTRY

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,

BY ONE

WHO DEEPLY SYMPATHISES

IN THEIR SORROWS.





## PREFACE.

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DURING the reign of the Empress Catherine, in 1783, the Crimea became Russian territory. Prior to this, her great naval arsenal was at Nicolaieff, on the river Bug.

The Crimea is separated from the Continent of Europe by the Isthmus of Perekop, which is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles in breadth. This Isthmus is strongly fortified by a deep ditch, and a high wall, which extends from the Gulf of Karkinite to the Putrid Sea. On this there are several heavily armed fortresses.

A chain of mountains runs from East to West



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isinglass, and silk, are the great exports from the Crimea.

The country north of Simpheropol is a sandy steppe, intermingled with patches of cultivation. Southward to the sea are fertile valleys, richly cultivated, and covered with vineyards and fruit trees of every sort. In this district are the villas of the Russian nobility, who leave their own frigid climate in the winter months for this Naples of the Euxine.

# A VISIT TO SEBASTOPOL

## A WEEK AFTER ITS FALL.

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PERHAPS there is no period better adapted to impress on the mind the fearful reality of war than that immediately subsequent to an engagement, when we can behold with our own eyes the devastation that has taken place. To visit Sebastopol, or rather the trenches in which so many gallant fellows had worked and died, was a long-cherished wish ; and when the far-famed place had fallen, I became the more eager to do so. While waiting for a passage at Constantinople, I paid a visit to the several celebrated places there.

I crossed the harbour to the Asiatic side ; and having a friend in the Hospital at Scutari, minutely inspected the sick wards. Nothing could exceed the order and regularity that reigned there. The most searching eye would fail to discover the slightest speck of dirt anywhere ;

and the most sensitive nose might examine any corner without scenting anything but the purest atmosphere. The sick and wounded with whom I conversed, were all happy and contented; one regret only they had, and that was that they were prevented by ill health from taking part in the labour of their comrades. Two-thirds of the inmates were mere boys. Judging from their appearance they had not yet reached 20 years. In fact, the hospital recalled to one's mind that attached to our large public seminaries in England; yet the reply of each was the same,—“I hope, sir, I shall soon be well enough to join.”

Many things were pointed out to me as the result of Miss Nightingale's gentle care. My informant was describing how the soldiery adored her: how she smoothed the pillow of this man whose limb was shattered by a cannon-shot; how she moistened the parched lips of another delirious with fever; how she watched by the bedside of a third, until death closed his eyes in sleep; and how, finally, she wrote to the friends of the latter (as she does, indeed, when any patient dies) some words of solace and consolation. I was eagerly listening to the recitations of my friend, and wondering at the pure disinterestedness of her who had forsaken all her comforts and luxuries in England

with the sole desire to lessen the sufferings of our soldiers, when my arm was gently touched, and my friend whispered "There she is!" I watched her pass noiselessly on to the bed of a man removed a few paces beyond where we stood. She stooped and spoke to him. The man appeared in great torture, to judge from the way he writhed and moaned; but her whisper at last calmed him. He partook of something she offered, and turning round on his side seemed at peace. My friend told me that this was a very bad case of spasmodic cholera which had just been brought into the hospital.

Miss Nightingale passed on, remaining for a longer or shorter period at the bedside of certain patients, and giving directions to the nurses in attendance. As she approached the place where we stood, my friend introduced me to her. We walked on to the end of the corridor, through an apartment which appeared to be a private kitchen, in which I was informed she superintends the preparation of the medical comforts her patients receive, and from thence on to her own sitting-room. This is a small room at the angle of the building. In it were one or two ladies at work, preparing things for the soldiers; and around the room, on every side, were articles of attire suitable for any emergency that might occur. I

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found her most frank and agreeable, and do not recollect to have passed anywhere a more pleasant half hour than I did in her society.

I got back to Constantinople in time to embark in the fine screw steam transport, No. 200. The skipper had just come on board. It was yet mid-day, so we hoped to get through the intricate navigation of the Bosphorus, and well on into the Black Sea, before dark. Our captain was in a state of great excitement; he swore at everyone, and made a tremendous uproar. There were some dozen passengers on board, and it soon became evident to us all, that our skipper must be either mad or drunk. He soon proved himself to be the latter. When half-way through the Bosphorus we perceived a large steamer aground, close in shore. Our skilful captain, instead of steering his ship outside this steamer, tried to pass on between her and the shore. He was hailed from the shore, and also from the steamer, that he "would strike immediately," yet on he went, when, with two tremendous bumps, our craft stuck hard and fast in the mud. This in no way sobered our friend. To the gentle reproaches of the passengers, he made insolent replies. Fortunately, the Admiral's flag-ship lay at anchor close by; a deputation of the passengers pro-

ceeded thither, and the Admiral at once sent a couple of tugs to our assistance. The naval officer in charge, on ascertaining the real state of matters with us, made an official report of the same to the Admiral, who instructed his lieutenant to convey our skipper on board the flag-ship. But our friend was in no mood to be dictated to. He tore up the Admiral's letter, and throwing it on deck, wiped his boots on it, directing the lieutenant of H. M.'s navy "to get into his boat and be off, or he would be under the necessity of pitching him overboard!" The naval officer was a young man of some twenty years only. When this indignity was offered to his master's missive, in no way put out by the insolent remarks of our sot, he crossed his arms, and fixing on our Captain as stern a look as he could call up on his beardless face, addressed him as follows:—"Now, sir, I give you ten minutes to get your kit up. Go to your cabin, sir, and get ready: if you are not on deck at the time I have stated, you shall be put in irons and placed in my boat!" The cur, on this, slunk down to his cabin, and was up again and on his way to the flag-ship before his time was up.

Our craft was afloat again during the night, and the following day at noon the Admiral ordered

her to sea under command of the chief officer. It blew a furious gale in the Black Sea, and we took sixty-two hours to reach Balaklava—the ordinary period for the voyage by a steamer being thirty hours.

The harbour of Balla-klava, as its name implies, is certainly a beautiful bay. Its entrance is 250 yards in width. Its extreme length is 1,100 yards, and breadth 450, its depth throughout being about 10 fathoms. Here 200 ships are packed; and such is the mathematical precision of their positions, and so exact the plans laid down, that either the mighty *Himalaya* or the gentleman's yacht may run in and take up the berth allotted her, unload, and then take her departure without rubbing shoulders with any of her neighbours. The water is clear and pure; no rubbish is permitted to be thrown overboard the shipping; and the Harbour-Master is always on the alert removing everything that may chance to have floated in, likely to offend the eye or the nose. It was a wonderful oversight on the part of the Russians, not to have made this harbour impregnable; which, from its natural position and the high land surrounding it, might easily have been done. At the entrance of the harbour are old Genoese towers and fortifications. Our Allies,

the Sardinians, have discovered a slab in the wall (which they are removing) with the Grimaldi arms, a family still existing, engraven thereon. It was late when our ship reached the outer harbour. The Captain immediately hoisted her number, and asked leave to enter. A reply was made to the effect that there was then no berth vacant; but that she might enter the following morning at 10 A.M. So we dropped anchor for the night in the outer harbour.

Next morning, at 5 A.M., accompanied by a fellow passenger, we left our good ship and landed on Russian soil. What a scene! Even at that early hour, empty waggons and baggage cattle are arriving in hundreds from all parts of the camp for daily food for the thousands of hungry mouths there. Ships are unloading hay, barley, flour, provisions and stores of all sorts, machinery, hutting, horses, coal, firewood, clothing, arms, powder, shot, shell, rockets, locomotive engines, railway sleepers, and I know not what else. Dredging machines, pile-drivers, and saw-mills, are hard at work. We wander through the town, through streets of store-houses marked "46th Regiment Store," "42nd. Highlanders Store," and so forth; each regiment having a particular store of its own, under charge of a

trustworthy non-commissioned officer, whose duty it is to receive and execute all orders from regimental head-quarters, collect supplies, receive letters, take charge of baggage, &c., &c.

We go to the Parcel-office: here lie heaps of parcels and packages unclaimed; many of them addressed to poor fellows who have fallen for their country; not a few addressed by female hands—put up, doubtless, with much care—containing, perhaps, little mementoes or comforts which never will reach their destination. What a sad tale this Parcel-office could tell! Doubtless many a sigh of anguish commingles with the contents of these neatly bound-up packets. On running my eye over the book in which a register of packets is kept, I found two goodly-sized cases, the property of a friend. These had been forwarded to him from England to his address at Constantinople six months previous. He had long given them up as lost; but here they were. The insatiable maw of Balaklava makes room for everything. When the period of reckoning arrives, and the Parcel-office, like other things, ceases to exist, the unclaimed booty there will form no small item in the prize-agents' accounts. From the Parcel-office we went to the Post-office. "What piles of letters and papers are these?" I asked of



well-polished boots, white gloves, and pipe-clayed belts, looking as neat and tidy as they did last year at Chobham. But they were all youths now—beardless boys. Alas! what has become of those hardy bronzed fellows we all admired so much at that grand spectacle?

It was now 10 A.M. Our walk had sharpened our appetites; and we knew that in the deserted ruins of Sebastopol we should get nothing to eat. In our hurry to set out, we quite forgot the inner man: a flask of brandy in my valise was all we had. My friend suggested that we should search for one of the regimental canteens; but we had gone too far, and we grudged going back. At some distance to our left we spied a tattered green tent with empty casks around it. Thither we bent our steps, and there we found some good porter and bread and cheese. While regaling ourselves with this, a Royal Artilleryman, who evidently had been partaking deeply of the suttler's good-malt, after eyeing us very keenly, said,—“You will excuse me, gentlemen, but I should like to know who you are, and where you are bound to?” We hoped to satisfy him by telling him that we had come to see this far-famed Sebastopol, which he had, doubtless, so gallantly contributed to take. With a significant

reply, he walked along towards a sailor, who was too far gone, in consequence of his potations, to take any interest in what he said. I saw he suspected us to be spies, and so it proved; for we had not gone many paces on our journey, when I heard his heavy step behind. Touching me on the shoulder, he said, "You're come to see Saybastopool, have you? You speak d—d good English for a *Rooshian*. You will come this way, sir, if you please: my curnell would like to see you." Shaking the fellow off, I told him, sternly, that if he did not take his departure I would hand him over a prisoner, for his insolence, to the nearest guard. On this he ceased to molest us.

After leaving the position of the encampment, we ascend a small ridge. In front of this there is a plateau about a mile in breadth, which gradually slopes to the great ravine. On the opposite side of this ravine, our trenches commence; and as we advance on this plateau, the round shot, grape, and fragments of shell become very numerous. Across this space, for eleven weary months, did our soldiers wend their way to labour in the trenches. It has well been denominated, "the valley of death." Although every precaution was taken to conceal the hour at which the reliefs were sent, still the Russians, by some intuitive



instinct, guessed the time so well, that they sent forth showers of these destructive missives, by which many a poor fellow fell. As we approach the ravine, the quantities of shot and fragments of shell which cover the ground everywhere surpasses belief; and at the bottom of this ravine, they lie in some places one and two feet deep, having evidently rolled down each side and become thus piled up one on the other.

Following on to the left, at the bottom of this ravine, we came at last to the battery at the head of Admiralty Creek. Here we met several amateurs like ourselves, and were warned by them to be careful to keep upon the beaten road, as there were infernal machines everywhere: indeed, a few minutes only before our arrival, the bowels of a horse who had trodden on one were torn out, and the rider much injured. This battery appeared in every way perfect. Enormous quantities of ammunition of every sort lay at hand, and the loose gunpowder actually covered the ground: every step we took we trod on it, and we became alarmed lest the iron nails in our shoes might cause its ignition. Yet so reckless were the spectators, that every third man had a lighted cigar or pipe in his mouth, one spark from which, carelessly allowed to fall to the ground, might ignite

the powder and explode the mines which were known to exist: and this was evidently the object the enemy had in view when they strewed it so very carefully everywhere.

Drifting into the harbour with the tide we observed several dead bodies, and floating, or run on shore, were the charred remains of the formidable fleet: spars, rudders, pieces of cabin furniture, ship saloon ornaments, &c., &c., covered the water. Opposite the great Admiralty buildings, lay some 3,000 fine large pieces of ordnance, in the most beautiful order and in the highest state of preservation. These were chiefly of English make, and never had been mounted. A little farther on were pyramids of shell and shot; and gun-carriages completed and in course of completion. Contiguous to this battery were several iron cisterns full of fresh water. My friend, fatigued by his walk, was about to indulge in a draught from one of these; but on a hint from me that the water might contain poison, his thirst at once vanished. Here were extensive store-rooms and magazines, with machinery of all sorts. A second Woolwich it must have been; now a complete ruin; the Russians having themselves completed what our shot had left undone. We searched for trophies as we went on, but with the exception of bullets

and sailors' buttons we found nothing. Large quantities of Minié bullets covered the ground like so many innocent boys' marbles; but a significant dent on one side, told us that our own rifles had sent them thither. The buttons were all marked with the anchor, and had been tossed out of the store-rooms, along with quantities of sailors' wearing apparel, by parties in search of plunder. Some of the clothing was quite new, and it amused us not a little to see some of Omar Pasha's gallant army stripping off their torn garments, and clothing themselves with those of the Russian sailor; taking away with them at the same time loads that a mule could hardly carry.

Here were Zouaves bearing off planks and beams, chacoës, swords, muskets, and bayonets. Occasionally a man would pass by with something valuable; one carried a beautiful centre table ornament of frosted silver: I tried hard to purchase it; but he "would take it to his colonel," he said. Another had a silver ornament representing the whale disgorging Jonah; and a third had a fine picture of the apostle John baptizing our Saviour. I tried to purchase these and many other things, but failed: all I got was a very perfect carbine, and an old clock without a dial. The carbine was loaded; I removed the cap and asked a man

of the —th Regiment to take it to a friend's tent in his regiment, which he promised to do.

Before leaving this grand naval arsenal, we took a survey of the surrounding places. The Military Harbour runs through the centre of the city, the town rising on each side on a hill of chalk, the highest point being 250 feet above the level of the sea. On the western side, now occupied by the French, are the Armenian church, the Cathedral, Military Hospital, and commercial depôts. The Telegraph station stands prominently forward; from which, in fine weather, a despatch can be communicated to St. Petersburg in nine hours. To the left of the ravine are the "Gordon" and "Flag-Staff" batteries, and, on the right, "Chapman's Attack," and the "Ovens." Floating on the waters were the wreck of Russia's once proud Black Sea fleet, and around us were munitions of war of every description. The Czar, whose master-mind had accumulated all for the purpose of securing to himself dominion over the whole world, was now no better than one of his miserable serfs floating and rotting on the waters before us.

The day, which till now had been fine, began to look gloomy; and, dreading one of those sudden storms and burst of rain we had read of so frequently during the siege, we hurried on our

rambles. A wide road leads up to the high ground on which the town of Sebastopol is built. Our soldiers were levelling it, and covering with earth the loose gunpowder. On reaching the summit, we came at once to the buildings appropriated as barracks, hospitals, &c., forming a very extensive range of beautiful edifices, now torn to pieces with our shot. Beneath these were bomb-proof quarters; but even into these, many of our shell had penetrated. Our round shot had for the most part passed through the stone walls, breaking down large portions of the structure. It was dangerous to enter these buildings, for great masses of masonry clung together in so frail a manner, that it seemed as if a rat passing over them would dislodge the whole. The appearance of the walls recalled to my mind that very common pattern of paper-hanging studded with bunches of flowers; so close and compact were perforations and indentations of our shot and shell.

The dome of the church was blown in, and its massive gilt crucifix hung by a small bar of iron from the stone into which it had been fixed. In one of the churches there was a large fine-toned bell, which would cover half-a-dozen men. Attached to the barracks were large baking and cooking houses, store-rooms

full of black bread cut up into square rusks, and bags of oatmeal. There were cartloads of a gluey substance, made by boiling animals to jelly, and then dried. This, with the black bread, rancid butter, and some stinking salt fish, or meat, of which there were also large quantities, formed the soldiers' rations. Immense quantities of clothing and fire-arms with cartridges in abundance, showed that the Russians were well supplied with everything.

From the position we now occupied, we could take a bird's-eye view of every object of interest around. The harbour of Sebastopol, from Fort Constantine to the mouth of the Tchernaiia, is about four miles long; the breadth from Fort Alexander to Fort Constantine, at the entrance, is 1,050 yards; and from the projecting point on which Fort Nicholas is built, to the northern shores, 1,100 yards. The depth of water at the entrance is ten fathoms, decreasing gradually to five, as far as the mud shoals and marshes at the mouth of the river Tchernaiia. On the eastern side are the suburbs and port of Karabelnaia, terminating in a point whereon Fort St. Paul, mounting 80 guns, is built; which, with Fort Nicholas, mounting 192 guns, defends the entrance of the military harbour. Sunk in mid channel,

opposite these forts, the masts of the mighty *Twelve Apostles* appear, about two-thirds out of the water.

The Docks are situated between the Karabelnaia suburb and the military harbour. These are the work of Colonel Upton, an Englishman, and a pupil of Telford. They are magnificently constructed, and so arranged that each can be worked separately. The docks are ranged round a central basin, and can be supplied with water by an aqueduct from the Tchernaiia, which takes its rise twelve miles up the valley of the Baidar, and laid dry at pleasure by drains. The water can also be used for town purposes, as there are reservoirs and filtering beds attached. Nothing can be more perfect than the plan and construction of these docks, which cost Russia six millions sterling, the labour, moreover, being in a great measure forced. Now the Buffs and a large party of Sappers are at work, perforating the sides with mines to blow them in. "What wanton destruction!" is the cry of every one. "If ever we are to have peace with Russia, may not this be a free port? Or if we are to have such another storm as that in which the *Prince* was wrecked, might not our ships be refitted in these docks?"

Further on to the east is Careening Bay, and at the end of the harbour are the ruins of Inkerman. Some of the towers of this ancient fortress are still standing, the rocks all around the face of the cliff being perforated with caverns. The upper Inkerman light-house is situated to the north of the ruins, 600 feet above the level of the sea, the lower light-house being 400 feet. The light of the former is seen thirty-three miles, and that of the latter twenty-eight miles out at sea. A large portion of the camp is seen from the upper light-house, and was thus a cause of much annoyance to the Allied armies, as signals were made from it to the lower, and from thence to the town of Sebastopol.

While we were examining these several positions the work of destruction still went on. A little to the left of the Docks our men had erected a rocket battery, from whence rockets nearly the size of a boy of seven years old flew every five minutes into the air with a roar that made one start. Now one hit a steamer on the north side which had been drawn into a creek for safety; another danced and plunged amongst a large party of soldiers working hard at a fresh mud battery in course of erection; a third would, as it were, pursue and turn topsy-turvy a long line of carts



carrying stores from Fort Constantine to the heights of Simpheropol; and as we still watched, one fired with unerring aim precipitated itself into a large heap of stores protected with tarpaulin. In a few minutes a tremendous blaze ascended therefrom. The Russians made a feeble attempt to extinguish the fire, but finding their efforts vain, they left it to burn out; and on it burnt, whatever it was, for two whole days and nights.

Whilst our rockets dealt destruction across the bay, the French were not idle. They had erected a mortar-battery at Fort Nicholas which played with good effect; the Russians on their side replying but feebly. But wherever they saw two or three standing together a round shot was sure to be sent in that direction, and on more than one occasion my friend and self just dodged in time to save ourselves: three of the Buffs were killed when we were there. It was evident to me that the enemy were but "biding their time," and that they would soon make the place "too hot to hold us." They swarmed like bees on the northern side. Large parties were at work erecting batteries; hundreds passing to and fro, intent evidently on some specified duty; while scores and scores of arabas were proceeding loaded from Fort Con-

stantine to the heights of Simpheropol, and then returning again empty for fresh loads. Our rockets and shells did not appear to disturb them more than if so many snow-balls were falling amongst them. Their *sang froid* was truly wonderful: they appeared so used to the thing, that a turn of the head, a stoop, or a hop forward, enabled them to get out of harm's way.

Long before the Russians had evacuated Sebastopol, they had removed all that was valuable to Fort Constantine, in anticipation of being forced to evacuate the place; and now, in like manner, they are doing the same on the north side. Judging from appearances, they have no intention of retiring from the north. Already from Fort Constantine to the high ground above, the place bristles with guns; and on every commanding position those indestructible mud batteries are rising up. People say, "They must starve—they have neither food nor water." I look at the piles of food left behind in Sebastopol, and say to myself, 'If they had been hard up, this would all have been carried away.' Certain it is, we must devise some other mode of attack than that of playing at ball across the bay. With their guns in position, and numbering a hundred to our one, they have far the best of it. The harbour is as inaccessible as

ever it was, for any use it is to us ; first, because of the sunken ships, and secondly because of the batteries. If our ships could not get in before we had possession of Sebastopol, most certainly they cannot now. The Russians destroyed and blew up Fort Paul and other batteries on the south side before they took their departure ; and neither our time nor our means admit of our erecting anything equal to those.

With their band playing and their colours flying, the Buffs marched in before us to take possession of the beautiful range of barracks adjoining Fort Paul. The rooms of the officers are portioned off, and the men have scattered themselves through the building, placing their beds here, their tables and chairs there, indulging in a good wash,—a luxury they have not had for many a long day—and making themselves comfortable for the winter. “ Wait a little, my friends,” I said to my companion, “ until the ball opens properly from the other side : not a stone of your fine barracks will then remain upon another. There is that large double battery mounting forty guns at the bottom of the ravine ; there is that tremendous casemated battery, Fort Catherine, with its 120  
: there is the Telegraph battery of twenty-  
ms ; there is the Wasp battery with its

sixty guns, with that ugly looking place called Fort Constantine mounting 104 guns in three tiers; and the Star Fort, with about the same number, surmounting the crest of the hill, the range of whose guns extends over the entire portion of the town we now occupy. And between these, to the right and left, above and below, mud batteries have been raised, all bristling with cannon. Wait, therefore, until the ball opens. It will puzzle us to show so threatening a front. No! it is child's play on our part to do anything here. We can make no impression from across the water. We must outflank them, if possible; but that, if the accounts we hear be correct, will prove a difficult task. Warned by Alma, every available spot to their rear is armed by a battery, and well manned. With a hundred thousand men on the Mackenzie Heights ready to pounce on our camp at any moment, we dare not reduce our army now in the Crimea: still it is folly acting as we now are. Small as the advantage we have gained is, we must follow it up. We must either seize upon Perekop, and batter Odessa to pieces; or we must make an advance simultaneously from Eupatoria, from Kertch, and from Balaklava (if possible), and force them to do battle in the field. To continue our present course is child's play."

But we must pursue our rambles. While I rattled away in the above strain to my non-military companion, who quite coincided in my views, the rain had begun to fall. I clothed myself from head to foot in my "syphonia" dread-nought dress, which, as an old campaigner, I knew the value of too well to leave behind, and was now proof against any rain. My friend, unfortunately, was not so well prepared, having only an umbrella to protect him. We now commenced an inspection of the suburbs of the town, and passed through some gardens and shrubberies adjoining detached houses. Here and there we came to innocent-looking summer-houses; but neither did these, nor did the sweet shrubs around, escape the tearing effects of our fire: barely a pane of glass remained whole; the concussion of the bombardments had shattered all. Furniture in abundance there was; but the greater part of that, too, was battered and broken.

In one house we found a man lying apparently asleep on his bed; but on approaching near, we found he must have been dead for some days. He was of huge size, and was partly covered by a blanket. A sailor, on removing the blanket, found a purse containing gold to his leg. In another house lay a

fair-haired young woman with her bonnet on, and a bundle of clothes on her arm. She had evidently dressed hurriedly, preparing to depart, when a fragment of a ruthless shell had hit her in the head, splitting open her skull. One article in her bundle attracted my fancy: it was a beautifully embroidered scarf, worked with coloured silks and gold thread. I offered the man who had discovered it a sovereign for his prize. He was just about to hand it over to me, when a voice from behind said, "I guess I'll give double the money for it." I bid another guinea, and it was knocked down to me. We picked up a few trifling trophies as we went along, but nothing of any value. The Zouaves had preceded us, and the little that was valuable had, we were informed, been seized by them. The numbers of dead cats attracted our attention: in almost every house there were one or two.

As we approached the Little Redan and the Great Malakhoff, round-shot of every size, and fragments of shell in every shape, literally macadamized the ground: over a space of about a mile in circumference, we actually walked on these. We examined the place where the combined assault of the French and Sardinians failed on the 7th. The Russians, expecting that the great attack was

to be made here, assembled in force and repulsed our Allies. Almost simultaneous with this attack, the French, without any opposition at first, planted their tricolor flag on the centre of the battery.

Their preconcerted arrangements were so perfect and skilfully made, that I must enter a little into detail regarding them. Having by the most extraordinary perseverance and indomitable courage erected a line of gabions, communicating with their trenches, from fifteen to twenty yards from the counterscarp surrounding the Malakhoff Tower, at the point of intended assault they formed an extensive sap, which extended nearly to the ditch. In their trenches they formed a *place d'armes*, in which they assembled, one of the assailants informed me, 30,000 strong. Here the orders were passed in a whisper from one to the other. At the blast of a trumpet the men were all to rise and follow their leaders. The foremost rank were to carry ladders and long beams: the latter were to be thrown across the ditch to enable the men to pass over. Precisely at noon, a rocket went up from the look-out-house. At the same moment, the mine close to the counterscarp was fired, and threw the earth into the ditch. The trumpet sounded, and the brave Bosquet, at the head of his men, passed over the temporary wooden bridge.

The men now broke, scattered in all directions, and scrambling through the embrasures, instantly formed again on entering the tower. To their surprise there was no enemy at first to oppose them. An old gentleman sat alone, eating his dinner. On the French approaching him, he said, "I am a General Officer: why shoot me, a single man? Look at my epaulet!" The assailants were not, however, long at peace. The attack on the Little Redan had kept a great portion of the enemy there; and in the Malakhoff itself, just as the French entered, the old guard were marching out, and the relieving one coming in. On finding the French in possession of the outer works, both guards returned to expel them, and the Russians opened a murderous fire from their rear and flank batteries, and poured in volleys of musketry on them. But, nothing daunted, the gallant French held their ground: those shot down were speedily replaced by others, and fresh columns advanced to the attack. For three long hours this slaughter lasted. At length the Russians gave way and retreated towards the Redan, leaving a hideous mass of mangled mortal remains piled on the earth.

My informant assured me that not less than 6,000 French, and more than double that number of Russians, fell in that hand-fight, and now lay



under our feet in the ditch. I instinctively moved off the place when he said this, and turning round, perceived the toes of some and the fingers of others still above the soil ; and I fancied at times something like an air-bubble burst on the surface, as the gas escaped from the putrid mass below. The stench was oppressive and sickening, and we were glad to escape from the spot.

Before the war, Sebastopol was badly defended on the land side. A loop-holed wall ran along the western to the southern part of the town. This wall has since been strengthened and armed ; a deep ditch was cut along its front ; strong batteries have been thrown up in commanding positions ; and powerful earthen ramparts, mounting upwards of 1,000 pieces of cannon, replaced the original loop-holed wall. The skilful Russian engineers took advantage of every prominent point. The Round Tower, the Flag-staff, the Garden, the Cemetery, the Barrack, the Redan, the Mamelon, and the Malakhoff Batteries will long be remembered.

It was a miraculous interposition of Providence that enabled the French to make good their position within the Malakhoff when the enemy were off their guard. They had thus time to draw breath, and prepare for the tremendous onslaught made upon them. Even with this unlooked-for advantage

in their favour, had they entered the place with a miserable 2,000 men, as we attempted to do at the Redan, they must have all died there. Much of their success is, no doubt, due to their individual moral courage; but they owe much, also, to the specific gravity—if I may so term it—of their supports. There was no crowding or disorder. Bosquet, when wounded, was instantly borne away; McMahon stepped into his place, and steadily advancing with his brave men, foot by foot, he reached the opposite or northern side of the battery. The explosion of mines as they advanced, and the shattered limbs of their comrades as they fell, in no way discouraged our gallant Allies. Backed up from the rear, the front advanced until one dense mass filled the entire battery.

All was now still within. A few arms and legs, which had been severed from the trunk by cannon shot, were all that remained on the surface to tell of the hideous slaughter one short week before. These had become blackened in the sun, and the flesh of some was partly devoured by dogs or some other animals. Excavated under the parapet were extensive bomb-proof dwellings, capable of containing a garrison of 20,000 to 25,000 men, and quite secure from our shot. All honour to our gallant Allies, who did their work so well!

Would that our General had been satisfied with what they had done, or that he had shared with them only the glory of gaining possession of the Malakhoff. It was palpable to all that this stronghold once in our possession, the Redan and all else must of necessity yield. We English have very silly ideas at times, and indulge in fancies which have little foundation. The late Lord Raglan was far too good a soldier not to know that, even had we succeeded on the 18th June in our assault on the Redan, it would have been impossible for us to have held the Redan unless the French had possessed themselves of the Malakhoff. He held back his men to the last; but when he saw the French attack fail, he ordered on his men: "to preserve," as he was heard to say, "the *amour propre* between the two nations." Certain am I that our gallant Allies did not require this proof of our sincerity.

It may have been the same with General Simpson: he could not have expected that the "forlorn hope" sent against the mighty Redan could have possessed themselves of the place, or retained it if once in their possession. Including officers, a miserable 2,500 were, I was informed, the number that formed the attack on the Great Redan: a far more formidable place to seize

than the Malakhoff. The head of our sap was, not 20 yards, as that of the French, but 200 yards from the Redan; the nature of the ground would not admit of our approaching nearer. A white flag hoisted on the Mamelon told our men when to advance. The attacking party were from the Light and Second Divisions. These Divisions had suffered most during the war, and are, in a great measure, now composed of young recruits. The reserves were the Highlanders and the Third Division, under the gallant General Eyre. The unanimous voice in the Crimea was, that the latter ought to have been the attacking party, the former the reserve: but it was ordered otherwise.

Preceded by a covering party of 200 men carrying straw to throw into the ditch, our men advanced at twelve o'clock at noon. The enemy were well prepared; their guns were loaded to the muzzle, and their small-arms men were swarming on the embrasures and parapets. An officer described the storm of balls at that advance to have been as dense as a driving shower of hail. The first volley swept away a third, he thought, of the storming party; the second not so many, for some had then advanced under the range of the guns. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of the first rush. Despite the hosts opposed to them, our

men, with Colonel Windham at their head, secured an entrance; and there, behind the second line of defences, made good their position, keeping the enemy in check until the ammunition in their pouches was exhausted. They called out for the supports; these did not come up, but kept up a desultory fire from the scarp of the battery, from the embrasures, and from the summit of the battery itself: no efforts on the part of their officers would induce the men to enter.

The assaulting party were too few to make a dash, as the French had done on first entering the Malakhoff; and, not being supported, could not, in fact, do more than they did. Unfortunately, too, *they had time to think*, which a soldier has no right to do; and they became impressed with the conviction that another step forward and they would be blown into the air: they would fight any number of men, they said, but they would not step forward to be blown up. The gallant Colonel Windham stepped to the front; how he escaped is most marvellous: he urged his men to come on; but no—there they sulked and stopped: they did not turn their backs, and were mowed down by scores at a time. The most heroic feats of valour ever witnessed were performed that day by our officers. One

gallant young fellow was seen in the midst of the enemy, cutting with his sword until it broke off at the hilt. With his revolver he then laid several Russians low; and having exhausted all the barrels, he threw himself in the midst of the enemy, and with the butt end of the weapon was seen to knock men down right and left before he disappeared. In fact, the officers, one and all, performed prodigies of valour. We want a Sir Charles Napier's eagle eye to trace and record these. "Where are the supports? For God's sake bring up the reserves!" was the cry. But no; neither came. The former were nearly all killed or wounded, lying in the ditch; while the latter, eager to get the order to advance, lay on their bellies in the trenches. About 200 of the "forlorn hope" got back, they knew not how. The wonder is that the Russians had not annihilated all. The following day, on visiting the Russian hospital, many of our wounded were found there: some had their limbs amputated, and their stumps remarkably well dressed.

This Redan is really an awful place—a fearful hole to force an entrance into: it is a hundred per cent. more difficult of assault than the Malakhoff. Within it is quite a labyrinth: masked batteries on every side, and loop-holed places

where thousands could screen themselves and thence ~~now~~ down the assailants. We actually lost ourselves in wandering through this maze. And our men had ground for their apprehensions: right before them—on the spot where their gallant Colonel stood—a tremendous mine had exploded. In fact, the entire surface of the place was mined. A mine communicated from the north side to these; and it was evidently the intention of the enemy to fire all when they could get a good number of their assailants to blow up together. Here, as in the Malakhoff, the underground apartments were very numerous. There was one in which a billiard-table was found, with ottomans all round the apartment; and in another, used as a hospital, there were 300 dead in their beds. Having picked up a bayonet at the Malakhoff, I was fortunate in getting a very good sword in the Redan. It is about two feet in length, the blade two inches in breadth, with a saw on the back part.

The rain was still coming down in torrents. It was now 5 P. M. "Where were we to get something to eat? How can we walk to Balaklava to-night?" we often asked each other. Those who desire to know what Crimean soil is, must visit it: it is not good honest mud, into which you can

put your foot and take it out again; but regular bird-lime. My friend was actually obliged, on more than one occasion, to call me to his assistance to get his foot out of the mud; and he, in like manner, performed the same service for me. And here we were, ten good miles, as the crow flies, from our ship in the harbour of Balaklava, and nothing but a bit of bread and cheese to eat all day. Excitement had hitherto kept us up; but now we began to feel somewhat uncomfortable: at last we reached a store-tent. A pot of sardines, four bottles of beer, a loaf of bread, delicious butter, and a pipe, set us all right, and we went on.

The — Regiment camp was to our right. I called there to inquire for a friend. "Oh, sir," was the reply of the soldier whom I addressed, "he was hit badly on the 18th, and has gone home. Yonder is his tent, and you will find his brother officer in it." I called at the tent to inquire if a man had deposited a carbine there. I found he had. There were three young officers in the tent, which was a single flag of canvas. Two of the officers were in bed, covered with waterproof sheets. They very politely asked us to partake of part of their humble fare, but as we had a long distance to go, we declined. They dissuaded



us from thinking of reaching Balaklava that night; "the thing is impossible — you will never reach it on foot;" and they offered, in the kindest manner, to put us up as best they could. Thanking them most sincerely for their offer of hospitality, we went on, determined to reach Balaklava if possible; for my friend was drenched to the skin, and my feet were all blistered with a tight pair of boots.

I had been told that nothing could equal the hospitality amongst the officers generally in this immense camp, but I certainly was not prepared for so courteous a reception as was given us, strangers altogether to them.

We got on the line of railway, which we thought would be certain to take us to Balaklava. It soon became pitch dark, and to our consternation the line of railway came to an end. We pulled up, and considered what course we had better pursue. Had it been fair, I would have thought nothing of lying down till morning on the ground where we then were; but my companion was soaked through from head to foot, and the rain still came down in torrents. I preferred that we should go to the first hospital and try and get a bed there. The flickering lights of the camp were on every side. We made for the nearest, and went up to a hut in

which were a number of soldiers. They at once offered to make room for us. My companion was for turning in at once; but thinking that a corner in the hospital might possibly afford more retired quarters, I asked for the assistant-surgeon, and was directed to a little hut close to where we then were. I told our tale. He immediately set about making some hot water, and soon placed a splendid bowl of rum-punch before us. The wounded hut, fortunately, was empty; in it he had a couple of beds prepared; and far more comfortable they felt to us than the best hotel in London could produce.

I awoke at daylight much refreshed, and began to reflect on the wonderful sights I had the day before seen. What queer sheets these are on my bed, spotted all over with black marks! On looking more attentively, I saw the spots occasionally move; these turned out to be huge fleas: they were in thousands. I wondered they had not devoured me; but no—not a mark. They were generally in pairs; but at times a third would skip by the side of the pair, and then a pitched battle would commence. One of the pair would back out—the other advanced to do battle. They commenced by rising on their hind legs, closing and wrestling. When one was thrown the other

seemed to grasp his throat—bull-dog fashion; or both would separate, turn round and lash at one another, like little furies, and thus they went on, till one proved victorious. The victor would then return to the lady flea, who kept watching the fight, doubtless with no small interest. My companion proceeded to visit a friend in a neighbouring encampment. I breakfasted with my worthy host, and thanking him very sincerely for his hospitality and kindness, proceeded on my wanderings alone.

It was a beautiful morning: the air was bright and clear; the rain had cooled the atmosphere; and the bright sun was fast drying up the clayey soil. On ascending a height, I found that, had my companion and self proceeded straight on our journey the previous evening, we should have found ourselves very soon in the midst of the now deserted French batteries and works, which lead to the Cemetery and Quarantine Harbour; in fact, that we were going quite in the opposite direction to what we wished. The flickering lights in camp quite confused us, and the heavy rain and clouds shut out the stars, our only other guide. I again inwardly thanked the friendly "Samaritan" who had so bountifully contributed to our comfort, and hoped that some day I might have an opportunity of returning his kindness.

Having all my life taken much interest in hospital arrangements, and in the sick and wounded, being compelled to enter therein, I resolved to devote an entire day to a minute inspection of the British hospitals in camp, and the two thousand wounded they contained. I had brought letters of introduction to enable me to gratify my curiosity; and I now proceeded to deliver one of these. My walk of fourteen hours, or about forty miles, the day before, had stiffened me not a little; it was therefore with no small joy I learned that I had only a distance of two miles to go in order to reach the tent of the medical officer to whom my letter of introduction was addressed, as from him I hoped to get a horse to ride to the several hospitals. Nor was I disappointed: he mounted me on his pony.

I visited the regimental and general hospitals, the Monastery, or convalescent hospital, the Balaklava hospital, and the Samaritan or Castle hospital. In one and all the arrangements were perfect. The men had but to express a wish, and if approved of by the medical attendant, it was gratified. Amongst such a host of wounded and lacerated limbs, I expected to have found the air tainted, the bed-clothes stained, and dressings and bandages everywhere. But no; the huts were

well ventilated, and the odour as pure as that of the air outside. Glazed oiled silks, waterproof and gutta percha sheeting, kept the bed-clothes clean. Splints, bandaged with the greatest precision on fractured limbs, kept the fractured portion immovable; a small space being left opposite the spot of ingress and egress of the bullet to dress the wound, without disturbing the limb. Amputated stumps there were in abundance, many progressing most favourably; these and other wounds of the extremities being protected by a cradle, which kept off the weight of the bed-clothes.

My attention was attracted to the great number of wounds in the upper region, viz., the chest, arms, neck, face and head; and the surgeon informed me that about two-thirds of the wounded at the Redan on the 8th September were such as I now remarked. He accounted for this singular circumstance thus. The assault having been made in bright day, the Russians being in force on the parapet, waited the approach of the "forlorn hope," until they were within point blank range, when every shot fired struck its mark; piercing, in many instances through the first and second rank man; then withering volleys followed in rapid succession, proving that the enemy had

spare arms at hand, ready for discharge. No wonder, he continued, that the remnant of the 2,000 were disheartened at finding so small a handful enter the ditch to escalate and take possession of a place garrisoned by 15,000 men, whom they knew would die sooner than yield, and which had resisted their battering for such a length of time.

It was with intense interest I examined these poor wounded boys: for men they could not yet be called. The tears came into my eyes, as they each detailed their little history. It made me shudder to hear how they started; how they were wounded; how they fell and were trodden over; and how they there lay bleeding, thinking of their happy home, their beloved mother and sisters, and wondering if they should live to see them again. Some there were, too, who said that their thoughts were in heaven; that they prayed fervently that God would forgive them their sins; and they forgot the pain of their wounds in the reflection that Jesus Christ suffered, for their sake, far more torture than they now endured. And thus fainting and reviving, the weary night passed on. Day dawned, and they were speedily conveyed in stretchers to the hospitals where they then lay.

One simple-looking Irish lad, who told me his

age was eighteen, and who had escaped with a graze on the shoulder from a round shot, and another from a bullet on the stomach, bursting into a flood of tears, concluded his history by saying, in the broadest Irish accent, "Bad luck to it that I ever listed. I should be with my mayther still, instead of being now as I am a perfect raydle of wounds. It was God's mayracle that I escaped. Sure the ball that hit me on the shoulder was as big as my very head. And your honour will perceive that the breadth of a stray nearer their fire, would have made a hole through my stomach. I should have waited with my mayther another four year; and then let me loose amongst them incarnate deevils of Rooshians." As he concluded, clenching his teeth, he rapidly wiped the tears from his eyes; and with a sharp jerk of the head, and a significant gesture with his maimed shoulder, proving that he was more frightened than hurt, he seemed to long for the opportunity to "be let loose amongst them."

"I see you have lost your arm, my man, and at the shoulder joint too," I said to a very handsome young fellow, whose downy beard, about an inch long, looked as if soap or razor had never touched it.

"Ay, sir, that's gone, sure enough," he replied,

“but I don’t grudge it; I lost it in fair fight, and inside the Redan too. I was not one of those that hung back. I had four Russians down, sir, before I lost my arm. It was a cannon shot, sir, carried it off. I would have had the fifth too, before giving in, but a scoundrel hit me with a pickaxe in the head as you see, sir, and then I fell.” And so there was, a great ugly gash in his forehead.

After it became generally known in the immense camp that Sebastopol had really come into our possession, there was nothing but intense joy and gladness everywhere; Russian prisoners, Turks, French, English, Sardinians, &c., shaking hands, and fraternizing everywhere. “Hurra! no more trenches!” “There’s an end to those hideous trenches at last!” was the cry everywhere. As a matter of course, there was a good deal of drunkenness; and the surgeon informed me that the mad acts committed by some of our men surpassed belief. One drunken party lighted a fire, and put an unexploded shell which the Russians had fired on the top of it; they then seated themselves around the fire, eagerly watching the result: the shell exploded, and every man was killed or fearfully mangled. Another drunken fool set to work with his bayonet to grind the fuse



which still remained uninjured in a shell. As a matter of course it went off, and blew him to pieces.

Amongst the wounded were some very extraordinary and wonderful escapes from instant death, and none more so than the following. It was that of an officer. He was advancing at the head of his men towards the Redan, when a ball struck him over the region of the heart, and he fell. When taken to the hospital, it was the wonder of all the medical men how, with a bullet-wound in that position, he still lived; and they were the more puzzled when they ascertained that the bullet remained lodged just beneath the skin, on the back of the chest. It was soon ascertained that there was no aperture through the chest, and it was concluded that the ball must have been fired from a slanting position, and, hitting the rib, had glanced off its direct course, and running under the skin, remained fixed where it was found. Examination having been made to extract any portion of cloth that might have passed into the wound, a hard metallic substance was found firmly fixed between two ribs. What could this be? There was no button wanting on the patient's coat, nor was there a pocket there in which any chance thing might have been deposited. Chloro-

form having been administered to the patient, after a careful examination, the buckle of his brace, twisted and doubled, was extracted.

There was another officer who had a ball through both cheeks, but neither was his tongue nor his teeth wounded. He stated that he was calling on his men to come on when he was struck, and supposed his mouth was well open at the time.

The faces of some were frightfully distorted; and it was in these cases that the skill of the surgeon to supply lost parts was most put to the test. I saw sufficient to prove to me that there is now with the army in the Crimea a medical staff the like of which was never before brought together. In our fathers' time little effort was made to save a limb after a battle. Now, "conservative surgery," as it is called, is the rule, not the exception, as it then was. Nothing that can be saved is removed; all operations are performed under chloroform; the patient, recovered from the shock of the wound, knows no other; and where the thing is practicable, he is saved, as far as can be, from being a burden on his friends, and may, perhaps, be useful to himself also.

Having associated a good deal with the medical staff before Sebastopol, I can safely state that the

British army may well be proud of them. Well educated, dexterous, and skilful, they are always on the alert to relieve poor suffering humanity. From the General Officer to the poorest camp-follower, each alike receives the surgeon's tender care: none but his gentle touch could place the wounded limb in so comfortable a position; his sympathizing counsel cheers the convalescent, and gives solace to the dying. Far from the friends they hold so dear, "the Doctor" is always called for, and he is always ready at the call: none but he can stop that ruptured bloodvessel, from which life's vital fluid suddenly bursts forth, deluging the bed-clothes; no hand but his can administer the grateful cordial. Their constant and unremitting care has deservedly endeared them to all, and they are held in high estimation by officers and men. "Our Doctor" is the best fellow in the Crimea!" is the common saying; and this was repeated so often that I thought to myself, "How fortunate they are in having so many good fellows!"

To Dr. Hall, the Inspector-General of Hospitals, great praise is due, not only for the very admirable arrangements and excellent working system introduced and carried out in the extensive hospitals of that vast army, but also for the cordiality and good fellowship which, by his

example and precept, he has infused into all under him, and whereby they are enabled to work so well together: without which, success would be impossible.

And these are the men whom a Government, grateful to all others who serve their country, insult, by publicly proclaiming in Parliament that they cannot expect to share in those high honours which their brothers who nobly serve their country receive! The men and military officers who worked in the trenches received pay for their extra labour. —Query: Why do medical officers, also, not participate in this? Are they not obliged to proceed there with their men? Do they not expose themselves in getting the wounded under cover, and in operating on them there? A soldier who distinguishes himself by his gallantry receives advancement in pay or promotion; an officer who does the same has his name honourably mentioned in the official *Gazette*; but beyond an occasional letter to the *Lancet* newspaper, nothing is heard of the praiseworthy deeds of the Medical Staff of the Army. This is truly most discouraging; and to judge from the observations of military as well as medical officers, the indignity is equally felt by both: may it soon be remedied!

I know nothing more beautiful than the

following eloquent observations of Robert Hall, when he points out "the striking contrast betwixt the art of medicine and that of war. The last of these, war, has for its object the destruction, the first the preservation, of the species. The art of healing proceeds with a silence and secrecy like the great process of nature, to scatter blessings on all within its reach; and the couch of sickness, the silent retreat of sorrow, are the scenes of its triumphs. The mind of the physician is continually pregnant with expedients for the mitigation of pain, the extinction of disease, and the prolongation of human life—a course of thinking which fails not to cultivate and mature the seeds of benevolence. His success is in exact proportion to the benefits he imparts, and his triumphs are signalized by the tears of gratitude, the gratulations of friendship, and the raptures of returning health."

My third day in the Crimea was devoted to visiting those other spots there which will be for ever memorable in history. Refreshed by my ride of yesterday and a good night's rest, I set off on foot, after an early breakfast; and warned by the privations of my first day's wanderings, I took the precaution to replenish my brandy flask, and load my valise with biscuit. I first passed on to the redoubts held by the Turks during last winter,

and prior to the battle of Balaklava. I then crossed the plain on which the fatal cavalry charge took place, and where the gallant Highlanders, drawn up in line, received the charge of the Russian Cavalry hordes. From this I went on to the Inkerman heights. Here, in a bitter cold November morning, at two o'clock A.M., in a dense fog, animated by the presence of the late Emperor's sons, and commanded by their renowned Generals, Menschikoff and Liprandi, the Russians attacked the British position with fifty thousand men, resolved to drive them into the sea. The British, taken unawares, quickly got under arms "anyhow," to the number of eight thousand men. Both sides fought most valiantly, the Russians hurling fresh masses on our men, who, in their turn, stood firm as a rock on the ground they had originally occupied, repelling charge after charge. They thus defended themselves for many hours, keeping the enemy at bay until the arrival of five thousand French, with whose assistance the Russians were utterly discomfited, with a loss of twenty-three thousand men in killed and wounded!

From this fatal field I passed on to the valley of the Tchernaiia, the scene of the gallant fight of the French and Sardinians. On these deadly plains nothing now remained to tell of the havoc and

slaughter that had taken place, save the mounds under which friend and foe lay intermingled. At the Resurrection, how will these hosts be ranged before our Maker? I often asked myself. Who will be on His right hand, and who on His left? Surely there is a purpose in this war beyond human ken. He who ordains all things, alone can tell what that is: doubtless it is for good. I myself cannot help thinking that the downfall of Islam in Europe is impending.

I now ascended the valley of Baidar, passed the Kamara village, and on to the heights where the Sardinians and Highland Division are encamped. None who have seen the Sardinian camp, the Sardinian troops, and their equipages, can fail to admire them: they are the very acmé of neatness in their dress and appointments; and in all their acts, they are most able and efficient allies, giving their whole heart to the work they have taken in hand. They deserve their reward for coming so generously forward to aid us in the present struggle.

“Who are those with petticoats?” asked a Russian officer taken at Inkerman, pointing to the Highlanders.

“These,” said Sir Colin Campbell, to whom the question was put, “are the wives of the men

that rode the grey horses at Balaklava." Whatever they then were, they are a noble-looking Division now. It was on the anniversary of the battle of Alma that I visited their camp, and that day was very appropriately selected for the purpose of distributing the Crimean medal. There was a general parade. The Highlanders are certainly a splendid-looking body of men. As I stood admiring them, I inwardly exclaimed, "Pity it was that your entire Division did not go at the Redan. I would stake my existence you would have entered and held it."

Meeting a friend here, he pointed out from the heights on which we then stood, the different localities of interest. The Mackenzie Heights, the Russian encampment thereon, and the great Woronzoff road by which the army descended to the place they now occupy, after "the Alma," eleven weary months before. My friend had sailed from England with the army, and had never been an hour absent from his post. I could have listened all day to his story; but it would occupy a folio volume were I to relate all he saw and took part in.

My little narrative, originally intended for the amusement of my children, has already been spun out "to a long yarn." I will therefore only relate the mode in which the "first sod" of our trenches



was turned; for it had frequently surprised me how, on the level plain, in the front of the Russian batteries, we were permitted to commence that underground work which enabled us ultimately to reach them.

In the dead of night a large force was noiselessly moved up to the position marked out for our original sap. Exposed as this spot was to the Russian works, had they been aware of what was meditated, our men might have been annihilated. The order having been given that each man must dig a hole his own depth, throwing the excavated earth to his front, they proceeded to work; and ere morning dawned, their work was accomplished, and thus the first line of trenches was executed. The men working in the trenches got tenpence a night, in addition to their pay, and the officers four shillings. But it was weary work, said my friend, and he would far rather take part in half a dozen pitched battles in the open plain, than work one night in the trenches. Before the Russian batteries were mounted, guns made to bear on particular spots were buried in the earth; these were loaded to the muzzle and fired by means of a wire from an electric battery. The guns never could burst, and they threw the shot to a great distance. Latterly, if the look-out men were at

all on the alert, the men in the trenches were enabled to "dodge" the enemy's shot. On perceiving the flash of the gun, he instantly bellowed the word "Shot!" The more exposed man, thus warned, rushed under cover, and there remained until the shot struck.

My friend in the Highland Brigade camp informed me that his Division expected daily to receive an order to move on in advance. His kit, consisting of two mule boxes, his bed, and his tent, would all go on two "bat" ponies; and he did not care how soon he moved, for he was sick of Balaklava, and Sebastopol also. This indeed appeared the general feeling in camp. But so long as the Russians are in such force on the north side of the harbour, and on the formidable Mackenzie Heights, the army must hold by their present position. For ten miles from Fort Constantine, along these heights, the enemy are on the alert; and every now and then, when they see a party of stragglers together, they fire on them.

The valley of the Tchernaiia lies betwixt their position and ours. The French troops guard that position nearest to Sebastopol; then come the Sardinians. The Highland Division follows, and beyond them are the Turkish troops. These latter are most wretched specimens of humanity. To

judge from their appearance, they have barely food to support life. They are all in rags, their toes protrude through their shoes, or the sole of the shoe alone remains; the ingenuity of the wearer being often taxed as to the best mode of "fixing it."

I now no longer wondered that the Turkish soldiers exchanged their habiliments with those of the Russians which they found in Sebastopol. I was informed that their daily food consisted of rice only, or of biscuit and water, and that they seldom or never saw meat, vegetables, or salt; nor did they receive their pay, which, small as it is, would enable them to purchase luxuries; this is all owing to the corrupt custom of the country. Their officers get from Government a very liberal allowance for their men to enable him to feed, clothe, and pay them; but he enriches himself at their expense. The majority of the officers are most depraved in their habits, and are bloated, unwieldy looking sensualists. Their much vaunted commander, Omar Pasha, is looked upon in the Crimea as a hypocrite. During the operations in the Danube, he remained comfortably located at Shumla, instead of being with his troops in the front; in fact, it is said, that he always contrives to be out of harm's way when anything of

importance is going on ; and that he now hesitates going to Kars, in case he may forfeit the good name he has acquired.

It was late when I returned to Balaklava, and in the cabin, awaiting my arrival, I met the companion of my first day's wanderings. We inspected our trophies: my share consisted of a carbine and sword, two bayonets—one a Russian, the other an English one, having the mark of the 41st Regiment thereon: this last I had picked up in the Redan, about thirty yards from the salient angle—a broken clock, cartridges and bullets dented into various shapes, the brass ornamental plate of an officer's helmet, a piece of black bread, and some animal jelly or glue, a twenty copeck silver piece, an assortment of buttons, a cap belonging to the 5th Polish Infantry, and a silk embroidered scarf; a valuable assortment truly! But I prized all, nevertheless.

The following morning I was quite "done up," so, instead of continuing my explorations, I jotted down the impressions of what I had already witnessed. And such as these are, kind reader, you have them. If this perusal of them affords you one twentieth part of the pleasure I derived from actual inspection, I shall consider myself well rewarded.

The following morning I engaged my passage to return to Stamboul ; and in thirty hours thereafter found myself rapidly steaming through the beautiful Bosphorus. Our ship was crowded with officers, sick and well. Now that they had seen "Sebastopol down," they were hurrying home. Poor fellows ! many of them looked very ill indeed ; some lame from rheumatism, or from wounds ; others wasted to a shadow from dysentery, or racking coughs, the sound of which made me at times look round to see if the substance of the lung was not coughed up. Amongst them, too, were "rollicking blades," who all day long told most marvellous stories, in which, as a matter of course, they figured as the hero, and who, after dinner, kept it up with champagne, toasting, speechifying, singing—aye, and in defiance of an "admiralty order" hung up right before them, prohibiting smoking in the saloon,—smoking also, "till daylight did appear."

Many had grievances to relate, and took pleasure in getting alongside one who would patiently listen to their complaints. "Look at that happy boy yonder," said a stern, gray-headed veteran brevet captain to me. "Well, a year ago he was an ensign ; now he is a captain, with I don't know how many below him ; and here am I,

as many years in Her Majesty's service as he is altogether, and still a subaltern. God knows I do not grudge him his good luck—right well he deserves it, for he has been with us throughout the campaign; but there are others equally lucky, who never joined their regiments: that is the curse of our service. If I had interest, I should have been transferred and promoted from my own regiment, which happened to be an unlucky one, to another, in which a lot of casualties amongst the higher grades had occurred. I was in that very arduous China campaign. I served in the Gwalior and Sutledge campaigns, and have been in the Crimea from the battle of Alma to the fall of Sebastopol. Just feel that gash over my left ear. Well, that went clean into the brain. There, I have lost the use of these three fingers, and I have had a bayonet right through my thigh at Inkerman, while, at the same moment, I transfixed with my sword the Russian who did it."

"But look at the medals; that beautiful bronzed star, and all these clasps you have received," I replied.

"Yes, that is, no doubt, worth something to one who has won each, as I did, in fair fight. But how many others sport the same baubles who

were not even under fire. When I see how common this is, I prize mine the less. Besides, mind you, I have got a wife and two or three hungry mouths to feed. She had some money of her own, most fortunately; but I was too proud to live on that too, so I carried on, in hope of promotion and glory. But now, as I see no chance of the former, and you know without it I never can get the latter, I have resolved to chuck up, bid adieu to war and strife, and live a quiet, happy, domestic life the remainder of my days, with my dear wife and pretty little children."

"But you are a solitary instance of Dame Fortune's ill luck," I said.

"Am I though?" was his sharp rejoinder. "I wish you and I had come together in the Crimea. You would have had a bed in my tent, and a share of my rations. I would then have shown you a dozen cases similar to mine. No, no; don't fancy I am a solitary instance of bad-luck. Old England prefers now-a-days trusting the credit and honour of her country to young lads from school, instead of relying on her veteran soldiers. I only hope those young lads will serve her as faithfully as I have done, and even still would continue to do, were I to get my deserts; but there is no chance of that."

As he concluded, he thrust his hand into his capacious coat pocket, and extracting a good-sized "housewife" he took a needle therefrom, put on a tailor's thimble, and set to work to mend a rent in his trousers. "This," said he, "was the last gift my pretty little daughter made me as I was leaving home. 'Who knows, papa,' the little minx said, kissing me on offering it, 'but you may require it some day to sew up a bullet-hole in your trousers?' and, odd enough, I have really had to do as she said, only that the hole was made by a bayonet instead of a bullet. Look at this—a deuced ugly spot too—close to the femoral artery in the groin; and on the other side you will see where it came out. I had to stitch up these two holes as I lay on the broad of my back until the wounds healed, and often did I think then of her who gave it. If spared to return, she shall have it back again, and her own pretty little fingers will do all my sewing."

"What beautiful little village is that to the right?" said an officer, addressing a merchant who was going home with "an immense fortune, all collected in the Crimea." "That is Beuyuk-daree," was the reply: "these houses," he continued, "like all other houses on the banks of the Bosphorus, and in Constantinople also, are nothing



better than your own huts in the Crimea, painted over. The Turk never builds for his sons. They have an idea that the period of their sojourn in Europe is coming to a close, and therefore provide only for their own individual wants, investing all their spare cash in precious stones and jewellery for the benefit of their families. Yonder, above Buyukdere, is the camp of the Anglo-Turkish Contingent, a force the English Government have brought together with a view to regenerate the Turkish race. It consists of twenty thousand men, and is officered entirely by Englishmen. I have had a good deal to do with the force, and I think it promises well. The Government at home have gone the right way to work this time. They have very judiciously selected 'the right man' to command. They have given him a very superior staff, and, upon the whole, a first-rate set of officers to work with."

"But how," said the first speaker, "do our fellows get on with the old Turkish officers? and how can they work the men without knowing their language?"

"Why," replied the merchant, "in the first place, every Turkish officer above the rank of major was otherwise provided for, as each regiment marched under our colours; and in the

second, a knowledge of the language of the men is held out as an incentive to promotion and advancement. General Vivian, who commands, has been all his life in India—the best field we have for making soldiers: he has youth and energy; is a first-rate officer; has been accustomed to judge and act for himself; speaks French like a native—no small qualification for a general officer now-a-days; is courteous to all, knows when to reward, and when to punish, and he is much esteemed by officers and men. Many of the former have also served in India, and the knowledge of the language, habits, and customs of the Mahomedan army there, have enabled them very speedily to acquire that of the troops they are now attached to. Every department of the force is perfect, and drawn up on the Indian model. I was present,” he continued, “at a grand parade held some time since, in presence of the British Ambassador, Lord Stratford. The words of command were all given by the European officers in the Turkish language. I never saw a body of British soldiers do better than the Contingent did that day. The Ambassador was delighted at what he had witnessed. He addressed the men, expressing his satisfaction, and stated that he would erect an obelisk in commemoration of the

first review of Turkish troops commanded by British officers, held before the representative of Her Britannic Majesty."

"The officers must have had hard work of it to bring the men to the state of perfection you describe. But what do they do with their sick? I suppose they have all Turkish doctors: and the rationing of the men; how do they manage with that?" inquired the first speaker.

"Doubtless they had hard work," was the rejoinder. "But these Indian officers are used to that sort of thing, and they somehow contrive to overcome every difficulty. As for the medical department, it is, perhaps, the most perfect in the force. The services of the Turkish doctors, such as they were, were dispensed with as the troops reached the ground; that of one man only to each regiment being retained. A very complete civil medical staff was sent out from England to be attached to the force; and although they have only been four months brought together, strange to say, they have already acquired the confidence of their men; they carry on their duties, in many instances, I have heard, without the aid of interpreters; and their arrangements are as perfect as that of any similar body of British troops with experienced military surgeons attached. You

asked about the rations of the men," the merchant continued. "Why, they get all they are entitled to receive, now, and that is what they never had before. Under their own officers they barely had what would keep soul and body together; now, they are fed like turkey cocks. They have good clothes on their backs, and good shoes on their feet; and at the end of the month they receive their pay in good sterling shillings."

My dealings have led me a good deal amongst the Turks. I know their language pretty well; and I have often heard the soldiers of the Continent contrast the liberal style in which they are treated now by their British officers with that they had previously been subjected to. If this Continent only lasts a few years, and the religious bigotry of the men be not offended, there is no saying what it may not be the means of effecting towards the exaltation of the wretched peasantry. To do anything with the higher orders of the community is impossible. They are morally too debased and depraved in sentiment to reform, and too proud to be dictated to. They are to all intents an effete race; and the sooner they cease to rule in Europe the better. In bringing this force together, however, there is one egregious mistake our Government have made. They have

sent no clergymen with it. The Turkish soldier keeps his sabbath in a most exemplary manner. The priest assembles his flock, who, to all appearance, are most fervent in their devotions to the same God we ourselves worship. But their Christian officer has no priest to call them together on the Lord's Day. The Turk will thus naturally consider them worse even than infidels; for an infidel is but an unbeliever, and our men are no better than Pagans who worship no God."

The merchant becoming somewhat excited, pulled out his cigar-case, gave one to his interrogator, and taking another himself, continued.

"He was a wide-awake man the Czar Nicholas. Pity he was so ambitious, or rather so precipitous; for no blame can, I think, be attached to a man who is ambitious for his country's good: and that appeared to have been the Czar's only fault. He ought to have 'bided his time:' carried on his conquests in Asia; civilized Bokhara and the savages on to Persia and Cabool. He ought to have left Europe alone until his grandson had come to the throne; satisfied himself by adding a codicil to Peter the Great's will, to the effect that a dozen Sebastopols and Cronstadts were to be erected within his inland lakes; and, in the mean time, cultivated in every way a more intimate

connection with European states, by a lavish expenditure of money, intermarriages, and so forth. But it was otherwise fated. The 'sick man was dying,' he thought, and he would have all or nothing; so he now not only gets nothing, but loses also a great deal of what he previously had. Instead, too, of wasting his resources at that most distant part of his dominions, he ought to have either knuckled down at once, and waited for a more favourable season, or left Sebastopol to its fate, withdrawn his fleet to Nicholaieff, and his army to where they would have been of more service and less a burthen on his resources."

As the merchant proceeded with his harangue, a number of passengers had collected around where he sat. He appeared flattered at this. Our steamer, which had pulled up at Beuyukdere Bay for a short time, was now going ahead again.

"Yonder is Thurapia," the merchant said. "This is the summer seat of the French and English ambassadors; and the best hotel East of London is there. That large house further down is the chief Sardinian hospital: it did belong to a Greek; but when the Sardinian army arrived, as their General had taken a fancy to this building, the Turkish Government managed to confiscate it for their use; and all those little places running

away up the hill, are a lot of sardines in English tin." We all stared at the speaker; then turned to look out for the tins. A general cry of "D—d good!" and a hearty laugh from all, followed.

The various objects of interest on this magnificent Bosphorus were pointed out to us by the merchant as we dropped down.

"Here," said he, "is the Castle of Europe; and there, on the opposite side, is the Castle of Asia. This is the narrowest part of the Bosphorus. It was here the Moslem first crossed into Europe. Yonder high hill, with the old castle on its summit, is supposed to be the hill on which Joshua stood when he commanded the sun to stand still. The castle is inhabited now by Dervishes: for a few piastres they will show you all through it, and they will point out to you the grave of the Prophet; whom they describe as having been of so large a stature as to be able to stoop from his exalted position, pick up fish out of the Bosphorus, roast them with the rays of the sun, and then distribute them to the faithful. This is the exact spot where Byron swam across. Yonder splendid house was the Russian Embassy at Pera. The French, as their wounded increased, wanted it as an hospital; they were informed by the Turkish Government that they could not have it, as it was under the

protection of Austria, and they had passed their word that it should be preserved. 'What!' was the reply of the French, 'are we to come all this way to fight your battles, and when our wounded increase on our hands, are you to prevent us taking possession of your enemy's palace, to place them therein?' And without further parley they marched a file of men up, burst open the doors, and took forcible possession. That is the way to treat these mean-spirited wretches; and in the same fashion these gallant French have got possession of half the Sultan's palaces. His Imperial Majesty has been driven from one palace to another. He has now taken to building, and I have no doubt, just as these noble mansions are completed, the French will have them also; until the Sultan and his court are obliged to take refuge across the water; an ultimatum devoutly to be wished for. That extensive range of buildings on which our flag and theirs fly are the Admiralties: it is already French property; they purchased it for a trifle, and John Bull pays *them* a rent for the share he has. The French camp occupies above ten miles of ground, just above Pera. The streets in that town have all French names; in fact, the whole place is far more French than Turkish. The English and French ought to come to an



understanding at once. I would give the French the European, and let us have the Asiatic side of the Turkish dominions; and the Sardinians should have the Crimea, as their share in the *scrimmage*." Just as the merchant had thus decided on the partition of Turkey, the anchor dropped. We all shook hands with him, declaring we were converts to his views; and in a short time thereafter none of our party remained on board.

I proceeded to one of the principal hotels in Constantinople, kept by a Frenchman. One of the greatest torments in this city are the number of dogs that infest it. Day and night a perpetual howling and barking is kept up, and no one ever thinks of going out without a good cudgel or dog-whip: it would not be safe to walk the streets without this. The brutes go about in packs, and if in any way disturbed they become savage. These packs hold possession of particular parts of the city, and woe betide the stray dog not belonging to the pack that goes beyond his beat! One night the barking was beyond sufferance. The following morning, as each party dropped into the room to breakfast, he asked his neighbour, "Did you hear those brutes of dogs last night?" "Hear them! I should think I did: I never closed my eyes all night," was the usual reply.

The young man who sat next to me whispered—"Come up to my room after breakfast, and we shall have some fun?" There was some cold mutton on the table, from which he cut off several slices, and took an opportunity of putting these into his pocket handkerchief unobserved. When in his room he told me that he was going to have his revenge on the dogs; he had for a couple of days fed them from his window with bread and bits of meat; "and now," he said, "they shall have something more solid to eat." Taking the mutton out of one pocket, he took from another a small bottle containing a white powder, which he said was strychnine, or nux vomica. Cutting his meat into small bits, he then put a pinch of powder on each, and with a thread bound the meat up, so that the powder could not drop out. When this was done, he opened the window which looked into a back court. The sagacious dogs, recollecting his former kindness, were on the watch for their bit to eat. So saying, "It is not good for them to eat meat without bread" he threw down a piece of bread first. This soon disappeared; the meat followed, and was soon gobbled up also; and so on, bread and meat was eaten by about a dozen dogs; for the brutes knew each other too well to fight over their portions. We curiously watched

the effect. One big fellow, a regular bully amongst the others, walked to a short distance, then lay down, rolled, twisted, licked his stomach with his tongue, got up and tried to walk, but preferring the recumbent position, lay down again; the whole tribe were soon similarly affected. A number of people, attracted by this eccentric behaviour of the dogs, collected around them. Some burst into immoderate fits of laughter; others taking it more seriously began putting the poor things on their backs, and encouraging them to walk or stand. One of the dogs now went into convulsions; a crowd was immediately round him, rubbing his back and stretching his legs; a cry was given that another had convulsions, and off the crowd rushed to give him help, he who was first taken ill having just died. Buckets of cold water were brought; at first a small portion only was sprinkled over the face; then the patient was deluged with it; but it was of no use. The Turks held their hands up towards heaven, said that it was so fated, and passed on. Six of the dogs died in this way very suddenly—the big ones giving in first, and the little fellows looking on enjoying the sport. By-and-by, they too cast wistful glances round to their tails, and within an hour, all who had partaken of the bread and mutton

lay dead—save one. Meanwhile, we were in fits of laughter up stairs. We regretted that the little cur had got off; we knew his bark too well; he was the worst of the pack. He was always the first to commence the row at night, and the last to give in. But there he was—trotting about the dead carcasses of his brother howlers, smelling each by turns, and then sniffing for another bit of mutton. He was a pretty little spaniel-looking beast, and was evidently a great favourite of a young Turkish girl, who paid him a good deal of attention. The poisoner said, “Well, on that girl’s account, I hope the beast will live; but he had better take warning by the fate of his companions.”

As we passed out of the hotel we turned round the corner to look at the dead animals. There they lay, and the crowd had dispersed; we were going away when the Turkish girl called out to us, pointing to a little dog that sat in her lap; in great grief she urged us to do something for it. We rubbed its back, and pulled at its legs—what more could we do? but it was of no use; a strong convulsion came on, and the little beast died in the girl’s arms; we were sorry it had died. During my residence at the hotel, after this, I had uninterrupted good sleep at night.

On one occasion, while wandering through the

filthy streets of Pera, I met with our merchant acquaintance. "What!" said he, "still here. Well; I suspect I have done more than you since we parted. The day I left the steamer, a ship and cargo were offered me for sale, just as it had arrived from England. I had made up my book, and did not want to have any more dealings, or to open a new account; at the same time I thought there would be no harm in taking a look at the invoice, which was offered for my inspection. A glance convinced me that the craft was loaded with just the articles which had been in greatest demand two days before in the Crimea. Handing the invoice back to the consignee, I offered him, for ship and cargo, one thousand pounds less than he asked. The bargain was struck. I immediately hired a steamer, and had my new purchase towed well into the Black Sea; and I have this day had letters from my correspondent at Balaklava, stating that the cargo has all been sold, and has realized the full amount I paid for ship and all. Moreover, the ship has been taken up by Government, while the war lasts. A good spec, eh?"

I congratulated him on his good fortune. "I did not require it," he said, "for I have already more than I can spend in my lifetime, and I have no one that I care for, to leave it to. But come

along with me ; you are fond of sight-seeing. I will introduce you to one of the most intelligent Turks in the land."

After a walk of about a mile we entered a spacious hall, and then into a small room adjoining. In a short time the Pasha made his appearance. Coffee and pipes were introduced, and my companion and his host carried on a long conversation in Turkish together, until we took our leave. "What do you think," he said, "we were talking about?" Of course I could not tell.

"I was telling the Pasha," the merchant said, "that it was a pity his government did not make something of the Christian population of the country for this war, by enlisting them into the ranks of the army, and his reply was, that the only and best use the Turkish government could make of them was to place their necks under one block and cut their heads off, manuring the soil with their carcasses ; this is the general feeling of all Turks in power towards their Christian subjects. The man whom we have just left is one of your 'enlightened Turks : ' he understands and speaks English, and has served in the English navy. The bigotry of their religion, sir, will not let them govern with a spirit of liberality to all. They must some day be ruled, as we rule our

Mahomedan subjects in India—shorn of all independent command. Like all Asiatics, the peasantry are very easily ruled if well used, and a kind word goes a great way with them. A parcel of lawless cut-throats, called Basha-Bazooks, have been brought together at the Dardanelles to act as irregular cavalry. They are under the command of General Beatson, an officer who has already half-civilized them and brought them under subjection. I am told they are very partial to their European officers, and to the General especially. By the way, I heard a good story the other day about them. An English officer had committed some misdemeanour, on which the General summarily dismissed him the service; then turning round to some Basha-Bazooks whom he had offended, the General addressed them, pointing out how he would deal justice to all alike. His men listened patiently till the General had finished, and then inquired when the English officer was to be hung?"

I asked the merchant if there was any fresh news from the Crimea. "No," he said, "nor is there likely to be any until we get a more energetic general there; one, too, who can speak French as well as English. People at home talk a great deal about cultivating the good feeling that now exists between that country and France. But this must

be done reciprocally, and the sure way to begin it is to make the English boy at school learn French, and the French, English, as they do their native language. It must not be dunned into them as a task. Banish all the dead languages from our schools, and substitute the living languages in their stead. It is for the good of the world at large that this cordial understanding between France and England should be enduring. Let us mutually receive each other's goods, on the same terms 'as the most favoured nations.' Let us pass enactments to the effect, that without a perfect knowledge of the French and English languages, neither civil nor military employé will be advanced. Let both nations encourage a more close and cordial fellowship in all respects than heretofore, by friendly visits, intermarriages, and otherwise; and let ignorance of either language be a total bar to advancement. You will see no more then of those cross purposes which lead to such disastrous results as took place in the Crimea the other day, at the assault of the Redan."

"What was that?" I asked my companion eagerly.

"Why you have just come from there: you must have heard it. It was the talk of the camp," said the merchant.



I told him that I did not know what he referred to.

"Well," replied he, "you could not have mixed much amongst the officers. But these military men are afraid to speak out. They tell you every thing in a whisper. Our General there, every one knows, neither speaks nor understands French, and the French General is equally ignorant of the English language. They still hold their councils of war nevertheless, and at these their plans of attack are laid down and their future operations decided upon. At the breaking up of the last meeting, prior to the final storming of the Redan and Malakhoff Towers, the French General was heard to remark on separating, "*Il ne comprend rien du tout. Il faut que je redouble mon attaque.*" And so he did: fortunate for the success of the day, he took thirty instead of fifteen thousand men with him into the Malakhoff."

My very agreeable and communicative merchant friend and I were now about to separate. I accompanied him to his hotel for his "traps," and from there to the wharf where he was about to embark on board the steamer for Marseilles; as he was stepping into his boat he said, "Now look after your money in this sink of iniquity: you live amongst a den of Greek thieves. Leave no pistol-

cases, in fact no small cases of any sort, on your table. Put all into your trunk, which be sure and lock, and also lock the door of your room when you go out. Never travel about with little despatch boxes, so as to make people fancy you are a man of importance. Good bye—hope we'll meet again," and saying this his boat shoved off.

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The following chronological table of the chief events of the ever memorable siege of Sebastopol may not be unacceptable to the general reader:—

" War was declared against Russia by England and France in March, 1854.

" During the month of April, the fleet and transports assemble at the Dardanelles and in the Sea of Marmora—thence, with the view to relieve Silistria and prosecute a campaign towards the Danubian provinces, they proceed at the end of May to Varna.

" On the 4th September, 1854, the troops embarked at Varna for the Crimea.

" On the 14th September, the allied armies land in the Crimea unopposed.

" On the 20th of September, they fight the Battle of the Alma.

“ On the 27th September, the allied armies, after crossing the Alma and the Belbek, arrive on the heights of Balaklava.

“ On the 9th October, the works in the trenches commence.

“ On the 17th October, the first bombardment took place, the combined fleets taking part in it.

“ On the 25th October, the Battle of Balaklava was fought.

“ On the 5th November, the Battle of Inkerman was fought.

“ On the 9th of April, the second bombardment took place.

“ Early in May, the Sardinian army joined the Allies in the Crimea.

“ On the 24th May, an expedition was undertaken to the Sea of Azoff with complete success.

“ On the 7th June, the Mamelon works were taken, and a bombardment was kept up till the 18th June, when the Malakhoff and Redan were assailed without success.

“ On the 16th August, the Battle of the Tchernaiia was fought.

“ On the 5th September, the final bombardment commenced, and was kept up till the 8th September, when the Great Malakhoff fell to the French,

the English attack on the Redan at the same time having failed.

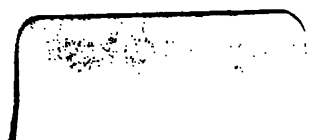
“ On the 9th September, the enemy evacuated the south, and withdrew to the north side of the harbour.

“ Thus terminated,” says the gallant Pelissier in his report, “ this memorable siege, during which the relieving army was twice beaten in the open field, and the means of defence and attack of which had assumed colossal proportions. The besieging army had in its different attacks about 800 guns in battery, which fired more than 1,600,000 rounds, and our approaches, dug during 336 days, of open trenches through a rocky ground, with a development of more than 85 kilometres (54 English miles) were made under the constant fire of the place, and with incessant combats by day and night.”

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